

JEAN ELIOT'S CHRONICLES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY DOINGS

Easter Week
Promises Many
Festivities

Dear Susan:

Even Washington, blasé as she is becoming in this matter of the entertainment of "distinguished visitors," is displaying an appreciation of the importance of the latest stranger within our gates, his Grace of York, the Most Reverend Cosmo Gordon Lang. Wherever he has appeared to discuss Anglo-American relations and the world war, the Lord Archbishop has drawn enormous crowds, and in indifferent New York the police have their hands full handling the throngs before the Church and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on the days when it was publicly known that the distinguished prelate was to speak.

Archbishops of Canterbury have had with us in this country on occasion. Every once in a while Columbia University remembers that an Archbishop of Canterbury helped in its founding some six or seven generations ago, and bestows an LL.D. upon the present holder of the dignity. And he usually travels over here to receive it. There are even many of us in Washington, whose population changes pretty completely in a scandalously short time, who remember the last visit of His Grace of Canterbury, a picturesque figure in gaiters and apron.

Like a Figure in an Old Play.

But an Archbishop of York is a stranger to us—at least in the flesh and blood of the present generation. To the United States of America he is mostly a lay figure in a Shakespearean historical play. That he can be a very handsome ecclesiastic of the country square type, strong, rugged, healthy, buoyant, and extraordinarily at home with himself and his surroundings wherever he may find himself, they are only just learning.

"Cosmo Elbow," as the Lord Archbishop is accustomed to sign himself in accordance with an ancient custom—Elbow being an abbreviation of Eboracensis, meaning "of York," from Eboracum, the old Roman name for the city—can boast of being the first of the long line of archbishops of York to visit this country. If one accepts the famous Laurence Blackburn, who cruised for several years off the coast of Florida and Louisiana as a second in command of the pirate ship, Black Broom. It goes without saying that Archbishop Blackburn's buccannery days ended before he took office.

Most Eccentric.

Although by no means practical, the present archbishop's career has been picturesque. He was a playwright and a writer of romances, and passed examinations for the bar before he entered the church; and he did the most successful sort of social service work in the East End of London when he was curate of the Parish Church of Leeds. His father, if you please, was president of the council of the Reformed (Presbyterian) Churches, an old gentleman renowned for his wit and repartee, who used frequently to visit Queen Victoria at Balmoral.

The Archbishop of York represents the church militant, and his message to America is distinctly a war message. Not only did his grace spend several weeks with the high seas fleet, cruising in the submarine-infested North Sea, but he has covered every foot of the western battle front. He was present at the famous battle of Vimy Ridge; and his addresses are punctuated with actual experiences and personal contact.

As Recognized As A Great Preacher.

The archbishop is recognized as one of the great preachers of the Church of England and has the reputation of being one of the most distinguished speakers in the House of Lords. Indeed in 1900 he is said to have delivered one of the most eloquent speeches ever made in the chamber in favor of the abolition of the veto power of the House of Lords. "I'm off in a few moments to try my luck at hearing him preach the Easter morning sermon at the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, but fear I'll not be able to poke my nose inside the door."

His Grace is the guest of the Right



MISS JACQUELINE HERO.

The handsome daughter of Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Andrew Hero, U. S. A. General Hero is in command of a brigade at Camp Meade and his daughter is exceedingly popular with the young officers on duty there.



MRS. ORMSBY McCAMMON.

Daughter of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, whose engagement to Lieut. Karl Hilding Beij, radio division, Signal Corps, U. S. A., has just been announced. No date has been set for the wedding.



MISS FAY ELIZABETH PIERCE.

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Blase Capital
Interested in
Important Guest

of the sort, as she was in desperate need of a rest after a lecture trip. And now she's off to New York to attend to some matters connected with the bringing out of a new book which is to be published in this country, and then on a speaking tour which will include Philadelphia, Long, Minneapolis, and other cities.

Mrs. Burnett Smith's English home was destroyed in an air raid, as she has an intimate and personal acquaintance with the work of the Hun. Her husband, who is a distinguished physicist, is now in Egypt, and her beautiful young daughter is driving an ambulance in France.

With the visit of Jacques Copeau, founder and director of the "Theatre du Vieux Colombier," and his French players on April 3, Washington is to have an artistic treat. Called the "Artists of the modern theatre" and the "Grandville Barker of the Paris stage," Jacques Copeau is undoubtedly one of the most significant figures of the dramatic world.

One of M. Copeau's most radical departures from accepted forms was the abolition of the star system. His company is made up entirely of trained actors of the first rank, who are willing to sink their personalities in the smallest of parts to contribute to the artistic value of the whole performance. Consequently the leading lady of today may tomorrow have a "thinking part."

M. Copeau and his players come to Washington under the auspices of the French high commissioner, Captain Tardieu, and will be much feted during the moment. By the way, the Marquis arranged the list of patronesses, and is working hard to interest society in this most artistic of productions. At the moment, by the way, he Marquis and Marquise de Polignac are in Aiken, S. C., where they want to spend Easter with the Marquis's small boy, "Jimmy," Eustia, Jr., who is in school there. They will, however, be back by Tuesday, in time for this clever little lady to resume her activities in behalf of the French theatre.

Another important event in which the Marquis is deeply interested is the exhibition of the wonderful series of pictures by the French aviator-artist, Lieut. Henri Farre, official painter of the French Government, which will be shown here at the Washington Club, through the kindness of the board of governors, for several days, beginning on Wednesday, April 24. There will be a tea to celebrate the formal opening, and afterward the exhibition will be open to the public—for a consideration. The pictures have been shown with great success in New York, Philadelphia, and other cities. Indeed, over \$100,000 was taken in New York. Those who have viewed the pictures tell me that the sight of them is tremendously thrilling and gives a new idea of the work of the heroic fighters of the air.

Lieutenant Farre paints not from imagination nor from observation alone, but with a background of actual experience, for he served for many months as "observer" bombardier before he attempted to put his impressions upon canvas.

Fondly Yours,
JEAN ELIOT.

Rev. Alfred Harding, Bishop of Washington, today and goes tomorrow to stay at the British embassy, where Lord and Lady Reading will give a dinner in his honor on Tuesday. An added fillet of interest is given to his visit to Washington by the fact that he is remotely connected, so they say, with President Wilson, some of whose ancestors hailed from Glasgow, the archbishop's native city.

Said to Disclaim Title of Primate.

A friend of mine who crossed on the same steamer with his grace of York, and whose acquaintance with the archbishop ripened quickly after the manner of steamship friendships, tells me that the "primate" disclaims the title of "primate of England," which is usually affixed to his photographs; but I suspect my friend of having misunderstood. For don't the history books, as well as all the press stories about the Most Rev. Dr. Lang, tell us that "although the Archbishop of Canterbury, as primate of all England, takes precedence of his brother of York, who is primate of England without the qualifying word 'all,' yet they are independent of one another and Archbishop Lang is in no sense subject to his grace of Canterbury. The title is simply a technical term implying ecclesiastical jurisdiction."

"As primate of the north, the Archbishop of York, bears the title of Perpetual Chaplain of the Queen Consort and, whereas the Archbishop of Canterbury enjoys the privilege of crowning the King in Westminster Abbey, it is he who has the prerogative of crowning the Queen."

Society Sackcloth Has Silk Lining.

"Society has always been somewhat inclined to follow the example of the merry monks of old, who boiled the peas in their shoes when setting forth upon a penitential pilgrimage. For for these many Lenten it has adapted itself to the modern fashion of wearing one's sackcloth with its silken lining, and of so artistically scattering ashes upon the head as to give the becoming effect of a touch of powder!" This was written of Baltimore by "Town and Coun-

try's" correspondent, but it applies equally well to Washington, and particularly this season when Lenten practices were "more honored in the breach than in the observance," save by a few good church people.

The record for Holy Week is better, parties being conspicuous by their absence. However, the week must have been regarded as over with the passing of Good Friday, for there were numerous festivities on the program yesterday. Entertaining for Anne Hopkins and her fiancé, Capt. Gregory Hope started off with the tea dance given aboard the Mayflower by two of their ushers, Lieutenant Commander Battle and Lieut. Harold Van Valzah, and Cecilia McCallum's supper party in the evening.

Holy week seems not to have had the slightest effect upon the attendance at the opera, the San Carlo Grand Opera Company playing to "capacity" every evening. The audience interested me even more than the performance, a dominantly Italian audience, which rejoiced openly in the swing and lilt of the music. Not only were Italians—fruit vendors, barbers, and the like—sprinkled thick among the gallery gods, but Italian "missionaries" and officers in their smart and rakish uniforms were quite numerous present at every performance.

It was all quite picturesque and "foreign" in its atmosphere; and it rejoiced my heart to hear a dashing Italian officer, with a veritable bandit cloak slung about his shoulders, singing one of the arias from the opera he had just witnessed at the top of a lovely tenor voice as he strolled away from the theater in a leisurely fashion.

With Catherine Harlow's luncheon for Anne Hopkins and Margaret Palmstock and their bridal parties and Lillian Birney's tea at the Chevy Chase Club for the first named popular bride, there's no lack of entertaining today; and tomorrow Easter week festivities will start off in a blaze of glory. The reception at the Corcoran Gallery of Art in honor of the archbishop of York is, of course, the most important thing on the program; but no such formal function can take the place of the

dances in the interest of the younger generation.

For Good Measure.

However, there are two balls for good measure, the Dixie ball, under the auspices of Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., at the Willard, and the military ball at the Marine Barracks, which the Womens Army and Navy League is giving for the benefit of its work among enlisted men.

Too bad, the evening's festivities should be "staged" at the two ends of town and doubling up one's engagements made almost impossible! Easter week will have a fitting climax in the ball at the Willard for the benefit of the American, British, French, Belgian Permanent Blind Relief fund. This promises to be unusually brilliant, and I hear 15,000 worth of tickets have already been sold.

Three Weddings for Easter Week.

The Easter week weddings, of which three are especially important—four, if you count the marriage of Hugo de Pena, son of the Minister of Uruguay and first secretary of the Uruguayan legation, to Ethel Lundgren, which will be solemnized in Baltimore on Saturday—seem to have been arranged with little regard for those not fortunate enough to possess motors.

Ann Hopkins and Captain Hope will have a town wedding—in St. Thomas' Church—on Tuesday afternoon, with a reception at the home of the major and Mrs. Nevil Monroe Hopkins in Edgemoor, which is not the easiest place to reach by street car. And Margaret Palmstock, whose marriage to Sylvanus Stokes, Jr., U. S. N., is set for Wednesday, has arranged things with "reverse English."

In her case the ceremony in the Bethlehem Chapel of the Cathedral, which may almost be counted as country, will be followed by a reception at Mrs. Palmstock's town house.

Wedding at Noon in St. Matthew's.

There's no such difficulty about the wedding of Frances Moore to Lieut. Henri Marquisan, of the French aviation mission, which will be solemnized next Saturday at noon in St. Matthew's Church, with a breakfast to follow at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Akel Wickfeld. Is Frances Moore a Catholic? Numbers of people have asked me, and really, I don't know, although I imagine she must be from the fact that the ceremony is being performed in church, a thing seldom allowed when a Catholic marries a non-Catholic.

However, when Dorothy Shney became the bride of Christopher F. Smith, then attached to the Norwegian legation staff, the preliminary service and a nuptial mass took place in St. Matthew's Church, although the bride and bridegroom went into the sacristy for the actual marriage ceremony. This was arranged by special dispensation, and some such course may have been followed in the case of Miss Moore and her fiancé.

Monday for Weddings.

I hope you'll notice that although Easter week is punctuated with important weddings both here and in other cities, Monday has been carefully avoided. "April Fool's day," "Nuff said," as my brother used to say.

Perhaps the most interesting of the recent engagements is that announced today, of pretty Ruth Sturtevant, daughter of Charles L. Sturtevant, to Curtis Ripley Smith, a lieutenant in the aviation section of the Signal Corps, who is at present stationed in Washington. No date has been set for the wedding, and it will not take place until autumn.

Lieutenant Smith, who is a Yale man, class of 1918, is the son of former Gov. E. C. Smith, of Vermont. His home is in St. Albans, Vt. Miss Sturtevant is a sweet and charming girl and has hosts of friends in Washington, although she has had small experience in society. Her mother died a year or so ago; just as she was about ready to make her debut, and her life has been saddened by the recent death of her brother, Ensign Albert Dillon Sturtevant, U. S. Navy.

Reserve Flying Corps, who was brought down in action by German planes off the coast of England on February 15.

Much Entertaining Still Is Going On.

New York, "they say," is convinced that Washington is incurably frivolous. If so it's a case of the pot calling the kettle black. For isn't Washington full of New Yorkers bent on having a good time, as well as those on serious business intent, and isn't a decided New York accent being put on the Capital City's name?

As a matter of fact, while we are not frivolous, being more seriously inclined than ever before in our lives, we cannot claim—nor can New York—to be quiet socially. Indeed, in New York, Baltimore, Washington, San Francisco—in the big city—considerable entertaining is going on under the thin camouflage of the word "informal," and every one knows in his or her secret heart that the form of entertainment which has been "sacrificed" on account of the war was in the main unentertaining in the extreme.

Mrs. Dodge Not Frivolous Visitor.

Mrs. Arthur Dodge, who was Mrs. James W. Wadsworth, Jr.'s predecessor as leader of the anti-suffrage cohorts and who was recently a guest of Mrs. Henry J. Dimock, can hardly be included in the ranks of frivolous visitors. She combined business with pleasure during her visit to Washington, and was the most faithful in her attendance at the meetings of the conference of state chairmen of the woman in industry committee, held during the last week at the playhouse under the auspices of the Council of National Defense.

Fancy the Playhouse, dedicated in every truth to frivolity and scene of all manner of gay parties, being used as headquarters for the woman's committee of the Council of National Defense! It's almost as anomalous as the housing of the Canadian war mission in "Chamberlain's," the old-fashioned house at the corner of Fifteenth and I streets, where John Chamberlain ran for many years a

restaurant which was the meeting place of all the political lights of the Capital, where play ran high and where much underground history was written.

Mrs. Raymond Robins Active in Conference.

But to get back to our own generation, Mrs. Raymond Robins, of Chicago, was another interesting woman who was in attendance at the conference of woman in industry committee. She's the wife of Raymond Robins, who played so prominent a part in the Bull Moose campaign a while back, and is herself a bit of a personage, being widely known as a social economist. She has written several rather radical books and woman's welfare work is her chosen sphere of activity. She is national president of the Women's Trade Union League.

Mrs. Robins, who was the guest of Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, is now in New York, but she is coming back next week to help Mrs. Pinchot organize a local branch of the Women's Trade Union League. There's to be a big public meeting Wednesday in the Typographical Temple, with Mrs. Pinchot as chairman and the list of speakers including such women as Miss Jeannette Rankin, Representative from Montana; Miss Agnes Nestor, vice president of the league; Miss Julia Lathrop, head of the children's bureau, and others.

Mrs. Robins and Mrs. Pinchot attended the Women in Industry committee meetings together, each serving as a foil for the other. Mrs. Robins is a dark woman, magnetic and good to look upon. Mrs. Pinchot has red, red hair, and on such occasion as this she usually wears a little gray hat with wings, a gray wrap of the cloak persuasion, a black gown simple to severity, and a wonderful string of pearls as big as marbles.

Two Other Visitors of Great Interest.

We've had other unusually interesting visitors of late, notably Mrs. Ernest Burnett Smith and "The Lady of the Black Horse," Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, who holds the rank of major

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